Leo. No come brother, away, I wil be heard. *Exeunt amb.*
Bro. And shal, or some of vs wil smart for it. *Enter Ben.*
Prince See see, heere comes the man we went to seeke.
Claud. Now signior, what newes?
Bened. Good day my Lord:
Prince Welcome signior, you are almost come to parte almost a fray.
Claud. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.
Prince Leonato and his brother what thinkst thou? had we fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for them.
Bened. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.
Claud. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proose melancholie, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?
Bened. It is in my scabberd, shal I drawe it?
Prince Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Neuer any did so, though very many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as wee doe the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs.
Prince As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angry?
Claud. What, courage man: what though care kild a catte, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bened. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect
Claud. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.
Prince By this light, he chaunges more and more, I thinke he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.
Bened. Shall I speake a word in your eare?
Claud. God blesse me from a challenge.
Bened. You are a villaine, I reast not, I will make it good howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: doe mee right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue kild a sweete

sweete Lady, and her death shall
heare from you.
Claud. Well I wil meet you, so
Prince What, a feast, a feast?
Claud. I faith I thanke him he h
& a capon the which if I doe not c
knisse's naught, shall I not find a w
Bened. Sir your wit ambles well
Prince Ile tell thee how Beatric
day: I said thou hadst a fine witte, t
no said I, a great wit: right saies she,
I, a good wit, iust said she, it hurts n
tleman is wise: certaine said she, a w
hath the tongues: that I beleeue sai
to mee on munday night, which he
ning, theres a double tongue theirs
an houre together transshape thy
she cõcluded with a sigh, thou wast
Claud. For the which shee we
red not.
Prince Yea that she did, but yet
not hate him deadly, she would lou
daughter told vs all.
Claud. All all, and moreouer, C
hid in the garden.
Prince But when shall we set the
the sensible Benedicks head?
Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath
married man.
Bened. Fare you wel, boy, you k
you now to your gossep-like humo
gards do their blades, which God
Lord, for your many courtisies I th
nue your company, your brother th
sina: you haue among you, kild a s
my Lord Lacke-beard, there hee
peace be with him.

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